

THE ACADEMY

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE & ART

No. 1848

OCTOBER 5, 1907

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CONTENTS

	Page		Page
Life and Letters	963	The Library Table	969
Two French Poets: Pierre de Ronsard, Joachim du Bellay	965	The Apostolic Ideal	970
Literature:		The Latin and the Teuton	993
Tasso and His Times	965	Fiction	994
Norway: Plain and Coloured	967	Correspondence	996
Historic Golf	968	Books Received	998
The Nature of Influence	968		

This number contains the Autumn Announcements Supplement.

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LIFE AND LETTERS

OUR Nonconformist contemporary, the *Westminster Gazette*, endeavours to treat with candour the question of the Disestablishment of the Church, which has become prominent at the moment owing to the speech of the Bishop of Norwich in opening the Church Congress. Dr. Sheepshanks cannot be regarded as a very prominent or influential bishop. He presides at the Congress this year because it is held in his diocese. His speech is interesting mainly as evidence that Disestablishment is more in the minds of the Episcopacy now than it was even a few years ago. But our contemporary uses Disestablishment as a euphemism, and so uses it with a purpose. It is perfectly evident that the Church is not turning its attention to Disestablishment, but to Disestablishment and Disendowment, and also to the further question, What will become of the great ancient fabrics? It does not suit our contemporary to suggest such inconvenient questions. It is in the unpleasant position of having to regard the feelings of Radical Churchmen who do not wish to see the churches secularised, and of the Liberationists, who desire nothing else.

Quite independent of anti-Puritan principles, this question of the future of the fabrics concerns everyone who is interested in them, either on account of their beauty, or of their historical associations. There has been, and still is, much to be desired in their guardianship by the Church. Horrible acts of vandalism have been committed, and are being committed still. Nevertheless, the Church is the only public body in this country which inherits a care of the Arts. Of beautiful municipal or trades buildings, such as cover Flanders, there are almost none, and never were more than very few. The only other buildings of architectural importance owe their existence to the taste of powerful wealthy individuals. The English municipalities appear never to have had much more taste for architecture than they have now. If the Church commits vandalism, what is to be expected from the municipalities? Worse still, what is to be expected from county or parish councils? and, worst of all, from the Nonconformist sects? In spite of the enormous wealth of some of them, there is no town in England which is not disfigured by their abortive erections; and they have no single place of worship which any one has ever been known to visit on account of its beauty.

The *Westminster Gazette* is very much surprised because one of the speakers at the Church Congress, who expressed his delight that Nonconformists should build churches as well as the Church, was received with

hostility and heard with impatience. The *Westminster Gazette* is constantly finding itself in a state of innocent astonishment at the "bigoted" attitude of Churchmen towards Nonconformists, an attitude which it professes it is quite unable to understand. But suppose a great Liberal demonstration were organised, with, say, Mr. Spender in the chair, and suppose that one of the speakers at this meeting were to rise and say that, while he himself was an ardent and convinced Liberal, he always rejoiced unfeignedly when a Conservative was returned for a constituency; would the *Westminster Gazette* be surprised if such a statement was received by a Liberal meeting with hostility and impatience? The *Westminster Gazette* seems, in the matter of the education controversy, to be groping in the dark. Would it not be well, in the interests of its own reputation for common-sense, if it endeavoured to obtain some elementary idea as to the real attitude of those who are endeavouring to make a stand against Nonconformist tyranny and Nonconformist dishonesty.

A book which may prove of some importance is announced by the Cambridge University Press. The first volume will be published on the 1st of November. It is entitled "The Cambridge History of English Literature," and is edited by Mr. A. W. Ward, Master of Peterhouse, and Mr. A. R. Waller. The first volume bears the title "From the Beginnings to the Cycles of Romance." This is not a very happy title, but it will eventually be absorbed in the general title. The contributors are not of course confined to the University which produces the History. Encyclopædic erudition at Oxford is represented by Mr. W. P. Ker, to mention one instance only. If the publishing prospectus describes the work accurately, as purchasers expect in the case of books issued from University presses, care has been taken to secure the "adequate treatment of subsidiary writers, instead of their being overshadowed by a few greater personalities." This is quite right in a work of this kind. As regards individual authors, such a work is read mainly on account of "subsidiary writers" who have not been exhaustively criticised separately. They in a manner indicate better to the historical student the course of the literature of their period than the giants, who are too great to leave pupils and form a school. The lesser writers dance to the piping of their times, the greater pipe whether their contemporaries dance or not.

It is very much to be hoped that the scheme for securing Glastonbury Abbey, mentioned at the Church Congress, will be successful. On religious, artistic, and historical grounds a great effort should be made by all classes of the community, irrespective of creed or politics. It is a thousand pities that some of the money that is going to be wasted on Crosby Hall cannot be diverted for the purchase of what is still a sacred shrine. Any idea of the ruins being purchased by an American is enough to make any Englishman shudder. The bodily translation of the ruins to Central Park, New York, is not entirely beyond the bounds of possibility in these days of engineering feats. Mr. Pierpont Morgan, with his strong ecclesiastical bias, might take a fancy to them at any moment.

We may build ourselves more gorgeous habitations,
Fill our rooms with painting and with sculpture,
We cannot buy with gold the old associations,
said Longfellow, sorrowfully. But they can now. Raleigh's so-called house was taken over to America from Ireland for the Chicago Exhibition. Now it may be tinned meat, for all we know.

Shall we ever have a Minister of Fine Arts, whose duty it will be to look after such things, or something like the *Pacca Law* of Italy? There are of course

objections to the creations of such a functionary. The English in artistic matters have a feeling for mediocrity such as is possessed by no other country, and the office would be conferred, if not on a mediocrity, on someone who was quite unable to differentiate between first-rate and second-rate work, important and unimportant sites, real sentiment and false sentiment. People who would not stir to save Glastonbury might invoke the Minister of Fine Arts to preserve Carlyle's ugly home in Chelsea or the house of ill-fame in which Turner breathed his last; and they would not subscribe a penny for a decent monument to the greatest of our painters. In St. Paul's, of course, there is a ghastly image of him, a fitting emblem of the popular taste. A Minister of Fine Arts, too, would have to retire with every Government, and this might result in disastrous change of policy. Our street architecture would be more of a harlequinade tint than it is already. Still, the experiment might be tried, and one of the duties of the new Minister should be the licensing of plays on an intelligent system. And the actual reader for the license should have to pass an examination in Greek, French, German, and Norwegian drama in order to prove his qualifications. Years ago, when Matthew Arnold clamoured for an Academy of Letters, the dangers of such an institution were ably exposed by Mr. Swinburne, and our Academy of Arts is a terrible warning. Perhaps it was in order to prevent anything of the kind that some humourist contrived the present British Academy, a society of philologists and scholars, who no doubt do valuable work in expounding the past, but in no way reflect the better tendencies of modern literature. The *Pall Mall Gazette* years ago had an amusing competition on the subject, and the result of the plebiscite gave a very fair idea of the wrong-headed ideas which prevail on the subject.

In reference to remarks last week concerning the Scandinavians and Celts, it may be interesting to note the difference in the influence and development of these two groups of peoples. The influence of the Scandinavians has been felt almost entirely abroad—in Normandy, Sicily, Constantinople; later, in the single person of Charles XII., through the main Continent of Europe; recently, in Ibsen. The Scandinavians have never been of the least importance to the rest of the world, at home. Since the sagas there has been practically no distinctive Scandinavian art or literature; until, perhaps, Andersen, and certainly Ibsen. Scandinavian plastic art is almost confined to the Museum of Antiquities, in Copenhagen. Most of it is almost purely Byzantine in feeling, but there is a certain Scandinavianism visible, which has lasted longest in Iceland. The Celts, in their art and literature, the Irish most notably, developed almost exclusively at home, and their arts, far more important than anything produced by the Scandinavians, died out at home. Irish learning had an immense reputation, and Irish scholars were to be found sporadically throughout Europe, but the Celts as a race influenced Europe little.

Apparently it is an axiom universally accepted among magistrates that if a man is an Atheist, or a Socialist, or a Nonconformist, he is entitled to special protection by the law. Not long ago a man was summoned and fined for rashly venturing to argue with an Atheist who was addressing a public meeting; and now we see that another wicked person has met his just deserts for endeavouring to retaliate on the Salvation Army, who made his life a burden to him by beating a drum and howling outside his house. This abandoned miscreant

actually hired a man to ring a bell in the hope of silencing the Salvationists. This monstrous attempt to interfere with the liberty to annoy its neighbours which is claimed by every self-respecting nonconforming sect, was punished as it deserved to be, by the infliction of a fine and a stern reprimand from the magistrate who tried the case. If the gentleman who was fined wishes to ring a bell in the streets, all he has to do is to found a sect called the United Free Sabbath Bell-ites, and he may then ring bells to his heart's content, and no magistrate, he may be sure, will be so "bigoted" or so "un-Christian" as to interfere with him in these religious exercises. This is a free country.

Mr. Richard Le Gallienne's reputation for honesty, decency, and literary judgment would have been better served by silence than by the letter he publishes in *The Times Literary Supplement* of Thursday last. In a letter to that journal on June 28th Mr. Robert Ross, executor of Mr. Oscar Wilde and editor of the forthcoming authorised edition of his works, accused Mr. Le Gallienne of intending to edit and contribute a preface to a pirated edition of Mr. Wilde's works to be published by a New York firm of piratical publishers. Mr. Le Gallienne replies that he is not to edit it; he is merely to contribute the preface. In the same spirit was the reply of the girl who, on being accused of having an illegitimate baby, replied that it was only a little one.

Mr. Le Gallienne's defence is a quibble. The cheque he receives for the preface will probably be smaller than the cheque he would have received for "editing." His responsibility is not for that reason appreciably lessened. He lends his notorious name to a stolen edition of Mr. Wilde's copyright works, for which, as he well knows, no royalty will be paid to the author's legal representative for the use of the beneficiaries; and he countenances the inclusion in that edition of two stories which, as he well knows, are not Mr. Wilde's work at all. An opportunity was offered him, on the publication of Mr. Robert Ross's letter, to defend what reputation might still be his for pecuniary probity and critical power by dissociating himself at once and with decision from a flagrantly dishonest proceeding. He has preferred to pocket his gains and take refuge behind an unusually paltry quibble.

With the separate sentences of his letter there is no call to deal. That he was ignorant of the statements made in the prospectus we can well believe; had he known of them, common prudence would have counselled him to contradict them at once, since not even the American public was likely to be gulled into believing Mr. Le Gallienne an Oxford man. But there is one quibble, contained in the last sentences of his letter, which needs exposure. The American publishers, he writes, would be glad to know to whom they can pay a royalty on their editions. "Perhaps Mr. Ross would be kind enough to inform them in the interest of Mrs. Wilde's children, or, shall I say, his 'executor'?" The answer is, To no one. Mr. Le Gallienne, as his last sentence proves, knew perfectly well that Mr. Ross is Mr. Wilde's executor. Why did he not tell the pirates, whose booty he proposes to share, that he knew the owners of the property, and that the owners' consent must be obtained before that property was touched? Even if the offer were sincere, what other "freebooter" would have the impudence to consider himself cleared by an offer of a percentage on the value of the thing he had seized?

TWO FRENCH POETS

PIERRE DE RONSARD

Je seray sous la Terre, et, fantôme sans os,
Par les ombres myrteux je prendray mon repos ;
Vous serez au foyeur une vieille accroupie.
(*Sonnets pour Hélène.*)

No myrtles here; only the wanton vine
Writhes in the sun; yet 'neath this burnt-up grass,
Which changes hue with all the winds that pass,
He rests, the chief of primal stars that shine
In France's heaven of song. Ah! what decline
Holds now his love-lorn ghost? Who saw, alas,
All fair things fade like sand within a glass—
Women and youth, red roses and red wine?

And she, his Helen? Did she, then, grown old
And grey as memory of a lost desire,
Mutter his name at midnight, o'er the fire
Crouched with her drowsy handmaid? Evening falls;
Let us go hence. How chill the air! How cold
Seem all these passionate memorials!

JOACHIM DU BELLAY

O master of all wistful utterance,
Most tender and most brave, athwart the foam
Of pilgrim tides that Buonarotti's dome
Lüres moonwise, haled from Ronsard and romance
To chafe amid the clamorous circumstance,
The teeming courts, the lusts and lies of Rome,
Who yearned in vain to see thy tranquil home
Where the Loire threads the joyous plains of France;

Chaos; the hustings of the world—so ran
The bitter verdict. Yet thy spirit here
Learnt the high mystery of the sonneteer;
Yea, in this den of priests and fools, thine art
Took her dark splendour from the tragic heart
Of Rome imperial and republican.

ST. JOHN LUCAS.

LITERATURE

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Tasso and his Times. By WILLIAM BOULTING.
(Methuen and Co., 10s. 6d. net.)

THE history of the Italian States until the end of the sixteenth century is so rich in men of commanding character that it is difficult to deal with the life of any one of them, short of the very greatest, without diverting the current of interest from the main subject of study to others, his equally interesting contemporaries. But outside the spheres of Religion and Politics there are very few great men in the history of the world whose personality is so absorbingly interesting to the mind of later ages, that they seem to dominate their time, and focus its importance. Homer, or rather the "Iliad" and "Odyssey," fills thus what we call the Homeric age. Nearly thus Sappho seems to have filled her period in the estimation of the Greek world. To the modern world, Dante fills the transition between the thirteenth to the fourteenth centuries. To Æschylus, to Virgil and to Shakespeare this honour is denied; it is accorded in a lesser degree to Cervantes, and, in a different sense, to much lesser men, such as Voltaire. In writing of Michelangelo and Leonardo "and their time," it is easy to focus the interest on either master; it might be possible to do so in writing of Cervantes, or in England of Chaucer, or in France of Villon or Molière. It would be impossible to do so of Virgil, whose personality was only invented by the Middle Ages, or of Shakespeare, whose personality is overpowered by that of many of his contemporaries. Much less is it possible so to treat of Tasso, nor would Mr. Boulting be quite qualified yet to make the attempt, which indeed he does not, for, if we except his style of writing occasionally, his book is without pretence. The present reviewer's knowledge of Mr. Boulting's name and works is confined to the present volume, and the fact that he has annotated Sismondi, as announced on the title-page.

Mr. Boulting's practice as an annotator has supplied him with a knowledge of the authorities on Italian history, but it has rather hindered than helped him in giving an individual impression of the poet around whom centres his work in this volume. It shows the faults and many of the merits of inexperience. It has to us that peculiar atmosphere of a taste trained under one of those modern systems of education which treat the humanities as mere ornaments. The attitude of mind so produced is sometimes called "a non-conformist attitude," without any specific religious or political signification. The description is rather elusive, but it may indicate our meaning. It must not, however, be supposed that there is any juggling with words, any special pleading, confusion of thought or false reticence about Mr. Boulting's work. He appears to have begun his literary activity on an uncertain basis, and to be doing his best to remedy the defects of his training, but he is still in the process of improvement. He has certainly profited by the larger culture of John Addington Symonds, but he is not yet quite rid of the narrow liberalism of Sismondi. He writes as a well-instructed scribe, familiar, no doubt, with the books of which he gives us a list, but we must confess that he does not write with the authority, which, even if it be only claimant, gives life to the work of such writers on Italy as Symonds, or Ouida in a high degree, or, we may add, of a later writer who has derived much from her, Mr. Maurice Hewlett. His estimates of such men as Pietro Aretino, Cardinal Bembo and Pius V., do not offend us by their lack of truth, but by the lack of *vraisemblance* in the

manner in which they are stated. Mr. Boulting makes no pretence to original research, and we therefore avoid comparing his facts with those of the authorities which he merely enumerates. To do so would be to give his work an importance which it does not seem to claim; we merely consider it as it stands. The twelve chapters may be divided into three equal parts. The first deals with the parentage of Tasso, and the events of his life up to the age of twenty; the second with his normal manhood; the third with his insanity. At first sight, it seems odd to devote more space to the undeveloped and the decaying mind of a poet than to his perfection, but as regards the madness of Tasso, Mr. Boulting is perfectly right, and he treats of the subject well. The personality of Tasso is more human and more interesting when he was insane than when he was sane. His insanity affected the quality of his poetry very little, and it was of a form peculiarly interesting psychologically. Unfortunately, all three sections of the book abound in unnecessary digressions, which, as notes on Sismondi, might have been more interesting than the text, but quite obscure the rather flickering individuality of Tasso. It will be remembered that it was formerly averred, and in fact generally accepted, that the madness of Tasso was feigned in order to avoid the resentment of Alfonso D'Este, on account of a supposed liaison between the poet and the Duke's sister Lucrezia. The story was little more than a supposition fostered by the feeling of the period; it has been practically disproved by later research. As Mr. Boulting points out, the Duke was too well informed and too shrewd, neither to have known nor suspected such a liaison, and his extraordinary forbearance of Tasso, during a long period of the most exasperating conduct, tells strongly against the story. Tasso's aqueous temperament also makes any liaison at that date highly unlikely. Moreover, the symptoms were only too well developed for fiction to be possible. Even if it be supposed that his desire to regain his manuscripts, which the Duke retained, induced him to place himself again and again within reach of his power, after he had escaped from confinement, the utter inconsequence of his movements in other respects are a strong proof of the aberration of his intellect. Though Mr. Boulting deals with the subject judiciously, his modernity leads him astray, for Tasso was fortunate in living at a period so much more civilised than our own in its appreciation of genius. Had he lived under an Asylums Board rather than under the patronage of Italian despots, he would have fared much worse. The "Gerusalemme Liberata" would probably never have been printed, and the "Torrismo" never written. Mr. Boulting's style is vivacious enough, and we have not much fault to find with it so long as he confines himself to the expansion of his notes into narrative form, but he should avoid ornament until he has learnt to manage it better:

At the head of its narrow valleys one sees, through the spray of cascades, snow-capped hills that just contrive to peer over forbidding, beet'ing crags. Lower down, torrents wind, hurtling among tumbled mountains, for they have hollowed the hills, now in anger, now in mirth, into deep ravines.

Italian is facile for verse-making; its liquid and melodious vocables invite, like limpid waters; . . .

But listen! Pietro Bembo is going to speak. Pietro is indifferent in religion, but he is eager in literature; he is perhaps a trifle prurient in matter, but he is elegant in style: he will deliver an oration meet for his company.

the young boy, full of poetic feeling, would become aware of their [the Apennines'] silence and concealment, their bare, silent summits and foldings that hint at mysterious valleys, hills that breathe valedictions from far-off ages, that are haunted by ghost-like echoes of alien armies and rest unperturbed by the fadings of change.

The dulness of severe discipline becomes irksome to most men at the time of life that is so responsive to allurements of lighter poise; the dulcet warblings of other sirens than the Law find ready echo, . . .

Poor pleasure-seeking prelate! that had fought in vain against his fate when the ecclesiastical career was first imposed upon him; that later had tried again and again to escape from his fetters!

We regret that we cannot defend such passages as these against a charge of absurdity. We compare with them Tasso's own simple and delightful narrative of the charming episode which took place on his abortive effort to reach the Court of Savoy. Mr. Boulting gives us a successful translation on page 229, etc., which we commend to our readers. The flights which we quote are to be regretted, the more because they are followed from time to time by such lapses as these: "grass-widow"; "princelets"; "sticklers for the severely heroic"; "rough-and-tumble"; "court was talked at home throughout the plastic years of his early boyhood"; "the world was at his feet; . . . fame and solid pudding had both arrived."

Mr. Boulting is too fond of quoting verse, not always appositely. Since men of exquisite taste are his subject, he ought to know that Keats could not have written:

some watcher of the skies
When a new planet comes within his ken.

He might conceivably have written "sails into" but he did write much better, "swims into his ken." This slip is surprising in Mr. Boulting, for on page 203 he gives us a sound sonnet, Tasso's "Address to a Faithless Friend," "based on a translation by Bishop Milman," and his choice of passages from Spenser illustrating his close translation from Tasso shows taste and good judgment. The same may be said of his general criticism of the "Gerusalemme," and of his estimate of Tasso's character. But his independent judgment cannot be trusted far from the main field of his special study. There are no epitaphs by Milton to which the epithet "frisky" can be applied with any propriety, nor yet "insensitive," even if Mr. Boulting himself knows exactly what meaning he intends that word to convey. If the epithet "quite unspeakable" is applicable to any three authentic canonette by Dante, we are at a loss to know to which three he refers, but we have not troubled much to identify them. In such sentences as the following also, Mr. Boulting shows a certain silliness which comes from the sort of training which we have supposed, aggravated by too much writing, and want of thought:

He [St. Charles Borromeo] was one of the few men of birth and position that were fitted for the sacred office into which they were thrust.

On the contrary the more attentive observer is amazed at the large number of men of this class, who have more than justified their appointment to ecclesiastical offices, by the wisdom of their rule and the sanctity of their lives. We need only cite the names of St. Louis of Toulouse, St. Francis Borgia, and St. Laurence Giustiniani. In the same connection Mr. Boulting writes:

Judgments of sanctity in the sixteenth century, especially Italian judgments, often appear very singular to the modern Englishman. The judgments of the rest of the world on this subject seem very extraordinary to the uninstructed Englishman.

Modern education has not done much if it has not taught us to expect such surprises, and that our own views on ethics are regarded by the rest of the world with the same amused curiosity as are the habits of Hottentots. Mr. Boulting treats his readers too childishly, and forgets that he is addressing a generation which takes almost too feverish an interest in types of sanctity so utterly exotic as St. Francis, St. Catherine of Siena, and St. Theresa. We are of a period no longer moved by examples of English respectability. But whether we are so or not, we at least understand, if we possess any instruction, that what the rest of the world calls sanctity is a totally different thing.

Mr. Boulting has made a wise choice of twelve interesting portraits to illustrate his text. Among them the prints from the British Museum are specially welcome as less familiar, notably, the amazing portrait of Henri III., though but slightly connected with the subject of Tasso. The method of reproduction is also less offensive in the case of prints. The use of the half-tone process is, of course, not Mr. Boulting's fault, and Messrs. Methuen err with so many publishers in yielding to a popular taste for bad illustrations, that they do not deserve special blame. We may appear to have criticised Mr. Boulting severely, but we have done so because his book seems to deserve careful consideration, and we desire to recommend it to many readers whom its more conspicuous merits will instruct and entertain.

NORWAY: PLAIN AND COLOURED

The Norwegian Fjords. Painted and described by A. HEATON COOPER, with twenty-four full-page illustrations in colour. (A. and C. Black, 6s. net.)

Norway and its Fjords. By M. A. WYLLIE. With sixteen illustrations in colour by W. L. WYLLIE, R.A., and seventeen other illustrations. (Methuen and Co., 6s.)

To anyone who knows the real Norway—who has, that is to say, spent winter months in Norway, and travelled and sojourned in its interior as well as skirted its long ragged coast—more of doubt than anticipation attends the opening of a new book of Norwegian travels. The two volumes catalogued above cannot be said to belie that fear; for what the Grand Tour and a year's residence in France and Italy were to the education of a gentleman two hundred years ago, a summer holiday in Norway is to the genteel Briton of to-day. Such a holiday means what may be best described as a *table d'hôte* tour, à prix fixe—a journey of thirteen, eighteen, or twenty-five days, each hour of which is pre-ordained to be spent by the traveller at such a place, making such an excursion ashore, steaming up this or that fjord, and admiring the selected scenes of beauty. In circles of the English provincial middle-class, a Norwegian tour after this fashion carries a certain social distinction. It is in no sense to be confused with a mere visit to Switzerland, for that may now be undertaken in seven days for five guineas inclusive. Norway bespeaks greater financial ease and liberty of holiday with the society among one's fellow tourists of "men and women . . . weary and jaded from too hard a London season, overworked from a long session in Parliament or in office." In such good company Mrs. Wyllie's opening page incidentally declares her Norwegian holiday to have been made. Hence the rapt attention with which the conversational opening, "When I was in Norway," is greeted at a Brixton, Birmingham, or Bradford "high-tea." In interest and enjoyment even these excessively stage-managed tours to Norway rank high, and the stamp of intellectual culture which they bestow is signalled by the fertile crop of lectures on "The Land of the Midnight Sun," delivered each winter before local "Literary" or "Mutual Improvement" societies.

To the more worldly-wise the trip means not a lecture but a book. Hence Mrs. Wyllie's volume, which though assuming the impressive title "Norway and its Fjords," is in reality no more than a lady's easy record of her trip in the P. & O. "Vectis" to the Norwegian fjords, with an extension—as the advertisements have it—to the North Cape and Spitzbergen. A thirty-day scheduled, beaten-track survey of the Norwegian coast is scarcely sufficient warranty for so bold a title. Norway has an interior, and there are months other than

August in the Norwegian calendar. This Mrs. Wyllie seems to apprehend when she quotes Björnson's declaration that a journey through Norway in winter is finer than the ordinary summer touring. To cross the country early in the spring—in March, say—when deep snow makes sleighing the only practicable—and a glorious—means of transport, and skiing is a necessity as well as a sport, is to see the real Norway. To anyone who knows Norway as it then is, in its untrampled serenity and beauty, with its wistful blend of charm and austerity, there is inevitably impatience—and one fears something of contempt—for the summer crowd of tourists, especially when their vision of Norway includes such a pretty-pretty experience as the following:

The city tram takes one to the terminus at Majorstuen, and the electric car goes from the terminus to Holmenkollen. Should one be doubtful about the fare a few small coins presented in the palm to the collector is sufficient. He will take what is his due and no more. The line runs past several nice country houses and through a new villa colony, neatly built and gaily coloured, through pine forest, where here and there one catches a glimpse of the fjord till Midstuen is reached. From there is a short steep walk to the Tourist Hotel. This is a truly picturesque building with much carving; pent roofs from which jut ornamental dragon heads; long balconies where it is possible to have a cosy meal; broad terraces with innumerable little tables and chairs and a covered-in bandstand.

The italics in the above excerpt from Mrs. Wyllie's book are our own. Not a single "truly picturesque" scene in the orthodox itinerary of Norway escapes description, and full justice is done to the "cosy" dietary of the P. & O. liner and all the nice incidents of the trip. But in fairness it must be added that there is better stuff in the book than this. Norwegian art, Norwegian music, Norwegian literature, are treated at some length, with little biographies *en passant* of Björnson, Ole Bull, and the late Edvard Grieg, with an account of her visit to the last-named. A sufficiency of information on old Norse lore, customs, and legends, with generous quotations from Du Chaillu, and English translations of the sagas, give a solidity to the book and will make it useful to future patrons of Messrs. Cook or Dr. Lunn. But when Mrs. Wyllie writes, as here and there she does, of ships and shipping, there comes a real vitality into her words, as witness her critique of

the hog-backed strained old Norwegian timber vessel, with deck-load piled level with the rail, masts sloping all ways at once. The green windmill everlastingly at work trying to pump out the water that is always running in through the yawning seams.

There speak real knowledge and understanding of a ship and a ship's ways. But in writing of Norway, whatever clear, lively impression the land may have given and the distinction and charm which are Norway's, struggle with difficulty through these pages. As a monthly tourists' log, the book is good enough to make the reader disappointed that it is not better. Very much the same feeling is raised by Mr. Heaton Cooper, who is responsible for the letterpress as well as the illustrations of "The Norwegian Fjords." With pleasing modesty he disowns any literary merit for his slight chapters on the scenery, customs, and people of the land, which he pictures in twenty-four full-page sketches in colours. We are far from denying the justness of his gentle disclaimer, though his book is not the fruit of a single hurried visit, but of "periodical visits to Norway extending over the last fifteen years, including two winters spent in the country." Mr. Cooper is a painter, not a writer, and though enjoying a first-hand, intimate acquaintance with the fjords, mountains, and people of Norway, his descriptions, interesting as they are, seem in the highest degree impersonal. It is patent that he is struggling with an unfamiliar medium, and only indeed by the aid of thick paper and large type have his publishers succeeded in padding out the book to a decent bulk. Given the same opportunities of long acquaintance with Norway, we imagine that Mrs. Wyllie would have written a delight-

fully gossipy and illuminative book about a country and people that, despite the enterprise of tourist agencies, are still unknown and unspoilt.

But, after all, the two volumes are put forward as "colour books," and they should therefore, perhaps, be judged only as portfolios of pictures. Much must be allowed for defects of reproduction, and to make that allowance there is no better way than to examine these coloured plates by gaslight instead of by day. Colours that seem crude and harsh, tones that appear hopelessly out of value, then take on a softness and a truth that sunlight denies them. But in making every allowance for the technical equation, there is an insistence on detail in these plates which makes them almost photographic, so that the eye wanders aimlessly over the page and attention is frittered away on impertinent blobs of scarlet and blue. It is as if the scenes had been seen, not as a whole but in sections. Now and again Mr. Wyllie escapes this weakness, and, as in "Trondhjem," achieves something approaching success. His "Balholm on the Sognefjord" may also be signalled out for comparative commendation. In "Naro Fjord" Mr. Heaton Cooper makes his boldest bid for success, but throughout the run of pictures in both books there is the fatal artistic defect of showing the landscape in line and detail and not in masses of colour, of light and shade. To the ordinary black and white photographic blocks in "Norway and its Fjords" full praise can be conscientiously given.

HISTORIC GOLF

A History of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club. By H. S. C. EVERARD. (Wm. Blackwood & Sons, 21s.)

We have no reason to complain if Mr. Everard has stuck closely to his text and given us little but a record, mostly from minute-books, of the career of the famous St. Andrews club. But when we had read the first chapter by Mr. James Cunningham on the origins of the game we were in hopes that at last we were being introduced to that most desirable general account of the game at its chief seat. The subject is a fine one. There is matter in it for a classic after the style of the "Hambledon Men." And Mr. Everard, or somebody else with the liking and the capacity, should see to it that the opportunity does not pass away for ever. There are golfers still living whose memories go back to the days of the feather ball. A not very aged person, who has played regularly since youth, can cover nearly the whole period of the solid gutta-percha ball. And the era of the rubber-cored and gutta-percha covered ball is present with us. There are your three ages of golf, inviting the capable writer to the production of what ought to be a delightful and enormously popular book.

Dr. Grierson, in his well-known history of St. Andrews, tells us in the chapter dealing with the "Company of Golfers," which is the original style of the Royal and Ancient Club, that "a good player with one of these clubs [that is, the clubs of the first years of the last century] will strike a [feather] ball to the distance of one hundred and eighty or two hundred yards." Now 200 yards was never other than a good drive with a gutta-percha ball, and it remains a good drive with the latest rubber-cored ball. If we were to judge therefore on this basis, we should be left in wonder where the great improvement of the modern game was to be sought. And it is clear from many references and quotations in this most interesting volume that it comes about from the enormously easier conditions of ground and hazards under which the game is now played.

The Royal and Ancient Golf Club maintained a stout fight for the rights of golfers against the numerous

encroachments of alien interests, such as rabbit farming, sheep grazing, and others. But the course must have been narrow, and the way straight between hole and hole in those old times; and the condition of the putting-greens would not to-day be tolerated on the ordinary fairway.

Another consideration that stands forth prominently from this volume is that golf in the old days was the pastime of gentlemen. The names of the old celebrities, generals, captains, doctors, and lairds, sufficiently attest the fact, and their portraits, here beautifully reproduced, add a guarantee that honour and good-breeding prevailed in their play. Small wonder therefore if a limited code of rules sufficed them. Where the letter failed we may be sure that tradition and true sportsmanship provided a criterion more binding than written law. This, after all, is the lesson the past has to teach us in days when there is a universal clamour for "rules" from players who desire to cheat the true spirit of the old game which made the player bear all the misfortunes of his play.

We are living in a new time, when all the world plays golf, and when St. Andrews is threatened with revolt unless she legislates specifically for all the hazards of a farmyard and a railway siding. Some will have it that one ought to be allowed to lift out of a pigstye and place behind without penalty, while others contend that one ought to drop at the side of dunghills and count one. It is a new time, my masters! If the reading of Mr. Everard's most interesting book could imbue readers with the spirit of the game it would be well worth the while of some philanthropist to present a copy to every golf club.

THE NATURE OF INFLUENCE

L'Influence Française en Angleterre au XVII^e Siècle.
Par LOUIS CHARLANNE. (Oudin et Cie., 7fr.)

THE scope of M. Charlanne's book is immense, and he has spared himself no pains. In the first part he treats "La Vie Sociale," tracing the influence of French fashions in England; in the second part he treats "La Vie Littéraire." He pursues his subject to the minutest detail—and nothing seems to have escaped his attention. The mass of material has been neatly arranged and clearly exposed. The whole is written suavely, and with a courtesy that, in a book of this kind, is very welcome, and, even from the impersonal literary point of view, not so unnecessary as it would at first appear. From fashion in feathers to fashion in thought, from lampoon to tragedy, he writes exhaustively, and though he is often limited to mere matters of facts, he always makes the facts as interesting as facts may be. When he touches the more interesting sphere of speculation, his ideas are lively and stimulating, and accordingly rouse constant disagreement, which is always agreeable.

At the very outset we find ourselves at odds with M. Charlanne—that is to say, in the nature of Influence itself. We are inclined to consider that influence works more subtly than M. Charlanne would seem to have it. It is quite clear that the book is written in no perfunctory manner, but that M. Charlanne is deeply interested in the subject which he is treating. The idea has taken hold a little too strongly upon him. It has, in fact, almost obsessed him, and such obsession is apt to distort an author's judgment on his subject as surely as it goes to prove an author's enthusiasm. M. Charlanne is too ready to see influence where no influence exists. Nor does he, to our thinking, distinguish nicely between the different manifestations of influence. Thought moves like a wind over nations, even as the revival of learn-

ing spread over the countries of Europe. Each nation feels the influence of new life in proportion to its growth; but it is misleading to say, as M. Charlanne suggests, that each nation takes it from the other. The wind each nation feels in proportion to its sensitiveness; only small inessentials are carried by the wind. It is dangerous to confuse the wind and the seeds which the wind carries. To take an example. *Lazarillo des Tormes* was the first realistic novel; it has been called Picaresque, because the hero was a Picaro, whose adventures in various countries formed the story; the story of most men's lives was then in the same way Picaresque. *Lazarillo* was written in Spain. The essential of *Lazarillo* is the personal note; life and doings were described which every man felt akin to his own life and doings. Men were taking a new interest in the life around them, as a reaction against the life of the ancients which had interested them hitherto. The histories of literature point to *Lazarillo* as the first novel, and say that every nation in Europe imitated it. But take the case in England, where the instance of *Lazarillo*'s imitation is the *Jack Wilton* of Thomas Nashe. Now Nashe had for years been writing about the life around him in papers and pamphlets of every kind. In England, as elsewhere, that was the natural result of the Renaissance, and that, as has been said, is the important point, the wind, as it were, which passed over the various nations, and which each took irrespective of each other. Borne on that wind was the seed, which happened to originate in Spain, and that seed was the Picaresque form. The realistic novel—that is to say, the literature about life as it is lived and known by all—did not come from Spain; but the actual Picaresque form of the novel indubitably did. The difference between the two is as considerable as the difference between the large wind and the little seed.

It is the same in all the things that matter, in music, in poetry, in painting. The essentials must grow in the nation itself—and only fashions and forms, transitory and temporary things, can be imitated or taken from a neighbouring nation.

We learn from M. Charlanne's book how closely the two countries were united, and in reading of their intercourse we learn much about each nation, and its peculiar spirit. For at the time of the Restoration circumstances brought the countries into very close contact. After the upheavals that had shaken England, the English spirit developed to something which was nearer the French spirit than has ever been the case before or since.

THE LIBRARY TABLE

Some Old London Memorials. By W. J. ROBERTS. Illustrated from Photographs by the Author. (T. Werner Laurie, 2s. 6d. net.)

THE chief charm of new London are the relics of the old, which are far more considerable in quantity than is generally realised. To take an example, it is no exaggeration to say that for memorials of Shakespeare and his day London is far more interesting and far more authentic than Stratford-on-Avon. In fact, a very great deal remains to us of Elizabethan and Jacobean London, seeming, however, but little amid the ocean of more modern buildings. Many and various have been the volumes dealing with old London, and this addition to them that we are considering might have been charming, but entirely fails to be so. Mr. Roberts sets out to be a chatty cicerone, somewhat upon the lines which produced so admirable a result in the case of Leigh Hunt's "*The Town*," and in some of Lamb's *Essays*. Unfortunately, Mr. Roberts chats with difficulty, or rather with evident effort; he is not a born

"chatter," who, as with the poet and jester, should be born, not manufactured. In fact, this little volume is but an ordinary magazine article glorified in price and binding, the latter being excellent, as also are most of the illustrations. Worse still, there are matters of opinion and of fact upon which Mr. Roberts goes sadly astray. On his very first page he goes wildly wrong in opining that ponderous Doctor Johnson "cared more for the companionship of places" than he did for "converse with people"; everything we know of Johnson goes to prove the contrary. Was not the statue of Charles I., by le Sœur, at Charing Cross, cast in 1633, not about 1631, as stated by our author, and does it not occupy the site of the Eleanor Cross, which Mr. Roberts imagines stood on the place occupied by the modern copy before Charing Cross Station? Francis Bacon is referred to as Lord Bacon, which he never was. Does not the monarch still ask permission to enter the City when he arrives at Temple Bar? Surely the Lamb of the Knights Templar had no connection with "Innocence"? Tradesmen in olden days advertised their signs and not the numbers of their houses, because numbers they had none. Mr. Roberts should be hard put to it to prove that lawyers have been called the "Devil's Own" ever since St. Dunstan pulled Satan's nose with his hot tongs. The Cheshire Cheese was not a haunt of Dr. Johnson. A sneer about celibate clergy is, at any rate, out of place if not in bad taste, in such a work.

By Italian Seas. By ERNEST C. PEIXOTTO. (Hodder and Stoughton, 12s. net.)

THERE are already so many bad books on Italian subjects that one more or less makes no matter. Mr. Peixotto is a very excellent artist, but as a writer he leaves much to be desired. Indeed, though the text of this book may perhaps serve as a sort of commentary to accompany the pictures, it is so small that we are surprised that so good a draughtsman is so poor an observer. We have the usual things that have been said a hundred times about the Italian Riviera, Venice, and Sicily, repeated here again, and repeated more feebly. Even when Mr. Peixotto gets away to the comparatively fresh subject of Dalmatia or Malta we find him altogether tedious in what he has to say, and quite delightful in his pictures. In Tunis he fares the same. But surely to attempt in any way to deal with so many different places in a volume of some two hundred pages is to invite oneself to deal superficially with them. The book is charmingly produced, and is a credit to the publishers.

The Independent Church of Westminster Abbey (1650-1826). By the Rev. IVA BOSELEY, London. (The Congregational Union of England and Wales, 1907.)

THE late Bishop Stubbs once wrote to Freeman:

I do not believe that a Dissenter could write a history of England. You will say I am uncharitable. But, first, it is not a want of charity to suppose a person incapable of doing so; and secondly, the determination of the Dissenters to see nothing good before the Reformation is so obvious in all that they do, that I have begun to wonder that they allow that Our Saviour lived before it—as certainly they believe that the Bible was written about that time.

Whatever may be thought of the great historian's criticism, it is curiously illustrated in the case of the very one-sided book before us, although, with unconscious irony, the author is "anxious that reliable history should speak rather than himself."

How far the obscure story of the Independents, who took possession of Westminster Abbey in the time of Cromwell, is to be relied on as unbiassed history may be inferred from the fact that the position of the expelled historic Church is entirely ignored.

How far the writer suppresses himself may be gathered by anyone who takes the trouble to wade

through the narrow, self-satisfied, if not somewhat arrogant theology which saturates every page of the history.

Quite easily the natural and logical conclusion is arrived at that the "Power of Britain is trusted because it is so largely Puritan."

This is really self-evident. For is not the "Imperial Spirit" and the "immense extension of Empire" as a "magnificent fact," a direct result of "Puritan Independence," as seen formerly in the "Commonwealth," and now in the "Nonconformist Conscience" and the "Free Church Council"? (pp. 307-308).

Historical deduction after this kind is no doubt very pleasing to the elect for whom it is written, but we may be excused if we decline to take it seriously. Yet this book has one great merit. It is highly instructive as to the attitude assumed by Nonconformists towards the political and ecclesiastical history of the country.

The Cathedrals and Churches of Northern Italy. By T. FRANCIS BUMPUS. (T. Werner Laurie.)

To some experts the architecture of a country, a province, or even a single town, tells a story of religious and political history, of alien invasion, of foreign influence, of the character of the builders. To others it is a mere record of technicalities, the text for a cold dissertation on relative values and proportions; they find lectures in stone, but no sermons, a commentary on art, not on human endeavour and aspiration. The cathedrals and churches of England are wonderful palimpsests, written on not twice but half a dozen times; the writing beneath sometimes half obliterated, sometimes obscured, but, more often, still as vivid as that which has been superimposed. In a different degree the simile applies to these ecclesiastical buildings of Lombardy, save that here the later writings tell of other races and influences, and the strong, clear impression which is found in English and French Gothic is blurred and indefinite, and—to complete the metaphor—even where it is sharpest and most decipherable, the character lacks the decision and meaning of the true Gothic. Mr. Bumpus has the feeling of the enthusiast. He has given us already many beautiful volumes treating the architecture of England and Wales, Northern France, the Rhine, and North Germany, and he has in preparation a continuation of his series in further works on Southern Italy, Norway and Sweden, and Denmark. The work is in good hands, for Mr. Bumpus combines in a rare degree the qualities of both types of expert. It is true that he is an architect first, a critic of detail, making comparisons, and weighing differences, but he has also certain qualities appertaining to the historian and the philosopher, which enlighten his criticism of mere form, and give a human value to his observations. This series of his should be of the greatest service to the professional architect, showing him not only how beauty and ugliness have resulted in the past, but also, if he will read carefully, how his art should not be that of the mere copyist, but should in its highest form express his own individuality in so far as it is typical of his own times. It will, too, have a very real interest to the general reader, whether he understand technicalities or not, inasmuch as he may neglect those paragraphs that bristle with such terms as triforia, tympanum, corbel tables and quadripartite vaults, without any real loss to himself; or, should he be of a scholarly disposition, he may extend his knowledge by the aid of a glossary. The book is profusely illustrated by reproductions of photographs and drawings. With the latter, which are in three colours, we have some fault to find, the tones in many instances being crude and altogether unattractive, though whether this be the fault of the artist or the printer we are not in a position to judge.

THE APOSTOLIC IDEAL

ONE must always recognise the tremendous potentialities that are latent in human nature. This is the defect of science, and of scientific reasoning, falsely so called; it assumes a logical sequence of antecedents and consequents, it postulates a scheme of natural order which is never broken, thereby showing the entire absurdity and impossibility of such an event as the Incarnation—or, in a minor degree, of the genius of Shakespeare. We love Science; we spell it with a large S; we want to believe that it rules everything and keeps the world warm as with a blanket. We do our very best in the cause of Science; when one man gives up his life for the life of his enemy, we murmur: *Darwin, Tyndall, Spencer, Clifford, Huxley: intercede for us. We believe and confess: A died for B owing to some evolved peculiarity in the monkey; and the art of Lincoln Cathedral is entirely explicable as the outcome of a primitive desire to shelter Ancestral Ghosts from rain.* I say we do our very best; for we see all the Blessings that Science has given us. We can reach Hell (otherwise Manchester) six times as swiftly as our ancestors; we can stand in Tartarus (or Sheffield) in so brief a time that the superstitious and besotted old schoolmen would have cried out Black Magic if they had been told of such a feat; we can walk in the Ways of Death (the manufacturing districts generally) in time for lunch after having breakfasted in London. Many other, indeed innumerable, are the benefits and mercies of this blessed Science, which disdains nothing that concerns man, however lowly it may be. Thus the privileged artisan, who in the Middle Ages would have been a miserable, downtrodden serf, groaning under the exactions of his feudal superior, of an immoral and corrupt priesthood, now has the happiness of being an iron-worker, enjoying all the priceless benefits which Mrs. Bell has lately described for us. We may live in the Bottomless Pit, certainly; but at all events the sanitation is irreproachable.

And yet, as we have noted, there remains this one defect: there is always the unforeseen appearance which defies all scientific laws. A wholly undistinguished family of burghers produces Shakespeare, from baronets comes Shelley, from a livery stable Keats, from the parsonage Tennyson, from Corsican notaries Napoleon Bonaparte, from the market-garden Burns. Of course Science still has her consolations; though, in her modesty, she will hardly dare to be positive, still she hints that Shakespeare behaved oddly enough in his youth and died in middle age, that Shelley was considered queer, that Keats had consumption, that Tennyson suffered from whooping-cough, Napoleon from cancer in the stomach, and Burns from whisky—in short, that no one of these personages conformed absolutely to the type of the Perfect Grocer, which is written in the scientific heavens, and consequently that no one of these examples is of any consequence. Yet, some secret instinct prevails, an evolved reverence no doubt for the Miraculous Flea Catching and Tree Climbing Monkey, and we continue to believe in the Remarkable Man, the man who is really the God from the Machine.

It is fortunate for the Church of England that in her hour of great peril she does not lack such a champion, such a defender. We know that the situation is desperate; again and again a voice rings in our ears bidding us note the tremendous fact that the House of Commons does not wholly approve of the Church of England, that the County Councils are indifferent, that the Trades Union Congress is lukewarm, that Lady Wimborne has seen a man riding on a donkey on Palm Sunday, that Mr. Spender thinks something must be done, and that the Tooting Congregationalists

